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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HISTORY OF PEROUROU, OR THE BELLOW-MENDER.

Supposed to be related by himself.

BY MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

My history is composed of the most singular circumstances. Condemned by my birth to vegetate among beings of the most abject class, my elevation was the work of human malice. That vice of society which ruins so many fortunes, laid the solid foundation of mine. I am married, rich and happy, from having been the docile instrument of an extraordinary act of mischievousness.

I was born in some of those little hamlets, situated in the neighborhood of Montelimart, in France. My father had many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource, in his old age, arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth; that of a bellows-mender. This, though not very brilliant occupation, was the profession of which I was destined, at that time of life when I was thought capable of earning my livelihood. Satisfied, at first, in following my business under the inspection of my father, nature had endowed me with disposition for industry, and I soon rivalled, and even excelled my master. Ambition led me to imagine, that my talents were fitted for a wider sphere; and some of my excursions as far as the gates of Montelimart, succeeded beyond my wishes. After furnishing all I could spare for the support of my father's old age, I found means to amass a little sum of money, which enabled me to undertake a journey to Lyons. I made my appearance, in that great city, simply provided with such articles as belonged to my profession; and the most crowded streets soon responded with my cries. I was young, dexterous, and well-shaped: I sold my wares rapidly, and became a general favorite with the chambermaids, which was the utmost of my ambition.

Returning home late one evening to my little garret, which served me as a ware-house as well as a lodging, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who seemed to be taking an evening walk. We were in one of the most solitary streets of the quarter of St. Clair. They threw out a few pleasant remarks on the lateness of the evening, accompanied by sarcasms on my profession of bellows-mender. I answered in a style of raillery at which they appeared surprised. I saw them look at each other significantly; and immediately after, heard them say—"This is our man!" I own that these words made me start; finding myself alone, in the dark, without any means of resistance, and at the mercy of four stout young men. What would become of me! was the reflection that occupied my mind; when one of them, who guessed at the cause of my terror, soon dispelled it by accosting me in a tone of affability—"Perourou," (the name which the people of Lyons give their bellows-menders,) "Perourou," said he, "you probably have not supper; nor we either; our supper is ready, will you go and sup with us? Our intention is to do you more good than you have any idea of. Come, and sup with us; and after supper we will talk with you. Do not be afraid; we are gentlemen; if you will not enter into our schemes, we shall only require your promise of secrecy, which you will run no risk in keeping."

There was something in the voice of the person who spoke to me, as well as in the proposition itself so seducing, that I accepted the offer without hesitation. My new acquaintances, after having made me cross several streets, brought me into an apartment elegantly furnished, where we found six other young men, who seemed to have been waiting for them impatiently. A short explanation took place concerning me, and we sat gaily down for supper. I had the honor of making the company laugh, by some of my observations; and confirmed them in the good opinion, with which it was necessary they should be impressed, before they would come to an explanation. The servant withdrew, after placing the desert on the table; and, during five minutes, a profound silence prevailed throughout the assembly, which till then had been sufficiently noisy.

At length, he who presided at the repast addressed me in the following words—"The ten persons with which you have supped are all citizens of Lyons. We are engravers; our joint profits with what we obtain from our families, afford us an easy independence; and we also acquire by our talents, a considerable share of reputation. The happiness we have enjoyed has lately been disturbed by love on one side and pride on the other. In the street of St. Dominic lives a picture-merchant, who is, himself, an ordinary personage, but who has a daughter eminently beautiful. The city of Lyons, extensive as it is, contains not another masterpiece worthy of being placed on a level with this charming creature. Possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed

with every grace, all her amiable qualities are shaded by one single defect; and that defect is insupportable pride. Vain of being the object of general admiration, she fondly imagines that none ought to aspire to her hand under the rank of a prince. Her father, who is a tolerable good connoisseur in painting, but has a very limited understanding with respect to every thing else, has entirely spoiled by adulation, amounting almost to idolatry. Novels, her looking-glass, and habitual incense from all around her, have raised self-love into vanity, and vanity into arrogance, and the most lofty disdain toward all who are not decorated with the marks of opulence, or the distinctions of rank. I had the honor—for why speak in the third person, when it is my own history which I am relating—I had the honor of engaging her notice, from my connections in business with her father. Sometimes she accorded me the singular privilege of giving me her hand at a ball, or attending her to the theatre. These slight favors turned my brain; I thought myself beloved, because I was preferred to others; and ventured to unfold my pretensions to her father, who lent a favorable ear to my offers. Indeed my family, profession, fortune and situation gave me a right to presume that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady. Judge of my surprise when on the first overture respecting marriage, the insolent girl, in my presence, answered her father in a tone of the most haughty arrogance—"Do you think, Sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than an engraver?"

I confess that this insolent and impudent remark extinguished every sentiment of love in my bosom; and love when fled is easily followed by a desire of revenge. "My friends," I exclaimed to those who now surround us, "this disdainful girl, has, in my person, committed a general outrage against us all. Espouse my cause, and let us form such a plan as shall serve to show her, that she has not, indeed, been born to the honor of becoming the wife of an engraver!"

"Such is my history; do you feel sufficient confidence, and think yourself endowed with sufficient discretion to merit being raised above your present condition? Beneath the abject covering which now disguises you, it is easy to discern that you have some soul, and no common shade of understanding. Will you venture to become the husband of a charming woman; who, to attain perfection, wants only to have her vanity punished?" "Yes," answered I, with firmness: "I perfectly comprehend the part which you would have me act, and I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The following day we conferred together, as we did ever after, with extreme precaution. During a whole week, I bathed two hours, morning and evening, to get rid of my tinkering skin and complexion. In the interval of bathing, the most elegant hair-dresser of Lyons gave my long tresses the form most in fashion. My ten friends furnished me with assortments of the finest linen, and the most elegant dresses for the various seasons; and were soon so fond of their work that we became inseparable. Almost their whole time was employed in giving me instructions. One taught me to read, another to write; another some notions of drawing; a few lessons in music; a little, in short, of every thing. So that during three months my time, thoughts, and attention were wholly absorbed in my studies; and I soon perceived that this kind of life suited perfectly my taste. I felt the utmost ardor to carry to perfection these first rudiments of my new education, which had become my chief delight; nature had furnished me not only with a disposition for study, but with a memory so retentive, that my young friends observed with some astonishment the rapid progress of their disciple.

At length they thought me sufficient accomplished to carry their project into full execution, and I was removed from my little closet to take possession of a spacious suite of apartments in one of the first hotels, in Lyons. The bellows-mender disappeared altogether, to make way for the rich Marquis of Rouperou, principal proprietor of the mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture-merchant, as a purchaser who paid little attention to a few louis, provided he met with pieces that were originals. A most perfect imitator of my experienced tutors, I had learned to twirl my seals, display my repeating-watch with an air of indifference, show the brilliant which I wore on my finger, or handle an elegant snuff-box, on which was painted a picture of a beloved sister.

I was desirous of pleasing, and easily succeeded. But it was not enough to impose on the father; in order to fulfil the views of my patrons, the daughter must also be deceived. While I was meditating on this point, the picture-merchant gave me notice that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome; requesting me to call that same morning, since he would not expose them to sale till I should have made my choice.

I hastened to his house, unconscious of the fate that awaited me. Instead of being received as usual by the father, it was the daughter; whom till then I had vainly wished to see; or rather, it was beauty itself which stood before my eyes in the form of that lovely young woman.

My dear friend, a feeling heart often beats under an unpolished form. More susceptible at my age of libertinism, my palpitating heart felt all the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchaind my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expression of passion which escaped my lips. That

interview fixed my destiny for ever! All difficulties vanished before the new emotions which animated my bosom. A single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, in order that, possessed of advantages of knowledge, I might be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired.

Every morning I found some excuse for a visit to the picture-merchant; every morning I had some new trinket to exhibit, some object of taste on which to consult Aurora.

It was the season of flowers, and I presented her every day with a bouquet, composed of such as were best adapted to her style of beauty; my friends often added the sonnet, or madrigal, of which I obtained the credit; and I sometimes surprised the fine eyes of this charming young woman fixed on mine with the expression of tender approbation.

Six months passed in this manner; the engravers being too desirous of complete revenge, to hazard losing it by preception. Every evening they required an exact account of my conduct, with which they were so well satisfied that they furnished me with funds far beyond the wants of the personage I represented. I received at length a formal invitation from the picture-merchant to a fete, which he gave in the country, and of which I was led to think myself the hero. The vain beauty behaved so respectfully towards me; loaded me with such distinguished attentions; was so lovely, so to enchanting—whether as mistress of the fate, or its brightest ornament that, the moment we were alone, impelled by an emotion which I was unable to suppress, I threw myself at her feet, and made her an offer of marriage. She heard me with modest dignity; which a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only feeling which agitated her heart! Yes—I discovered that I was beloved!

After having deceived the daughter with respect to the person, it was necessary to blind the father with respect to the fortune. This was not difficult. Possessed of little penetration, he gave full credit to the story which I related of myself. My father, I told him, lived retired at his seat in the farthest parts of Dauphiny.—Old age, and the gout deprived him of the hope of accompanying his son to the altar; but he gave his consent to the marriage, and so much the more willingly as the fortune of his house have been considerably increased, from the interest which his son had early taken in the mines of his province. I dwelt also with secret complacency on the words—without portion; alledging that my fortune was too considerable to think of augmenting it by that of a wife. Before the end of this conversation, we were perfectly agreed; for I left him absolute master of the conditions. All I required was the avoiding any expensive and unnecessary éclat as both the family of Aurora and my own were at a distance from Lyons. The marriage, it was fixed, should take place on that day fortnight, and I undertook to arrange all the preliminary articles.

Having with some difficulty obtained permission to leave Aurora I flew to Lyons, informed my friends that the drama was hastening to a conclusion, and related all that had passed. They overwhelmed me with so many compliments that, had I only possessed a slight tincture of vanity, I might have believed that they rallied me. The event, however, proved that they were serious; and their revenge on Aurora was as expensive as it was singular. That very morning they sent, in my name, to my mistress, the most magnificent bouquet; a watch, bracelets, jewels, laces of exquisite fineness, forming a present sufficiently splendid to complete the deception both of father and daughter. Towards the end of the week, the contract of marriage was framed, in which I took care to sign my real name; a precaution which, you will perceive hereafter, was not useless to me. In this contract I consented to certain stipulations in my bride's favor, which I was very far from thinking would one day prove so much to her advantage.

I deceived her; but Heaven is my witness, it was not without remorse! In presence of the beautiful Aurora, intoxicating love made me forget every thing but herself; and when I was with my joyous friends, their pleasantries, their bonhomie, the kind of dependence in which they held me, their services, their instructions, rendered me thoughtless with respect to the future. But in the stillness of solitude and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me! When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable flock-bed which was soon to be her portion; when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment; when I beheld her, who deserved a palace, lodging under the thatched roof of my aged father; I shrank back with horror, or started up covered with a cold sweat. More than once I resolved to throw myself at the feet of the injured Aurora, make a full confession of my crime; and cover myself with the infamy, which belonged to him who could so degrade himself as to act the part of a villain. But self-love and passion came alike to my aid. Enchained by the fascinating enjoyments of the present, my imagination gilded with some rays of hope the gloom of the future. "The unhappiness of Aurora," said I to myself, "will be but transient; love will soften its bitterness. Her mortal enemies are blinded by their desire of revenge. She will, she shall be happy in despite of them! They will leave me some money and the means of procuring more by industry—I should be a wretch, indeed, if I did not devote my life to the task of strewn flowers along her path! When she learns who I am, her resentment will, no doubt, at first, be vehement; but when her good sense shall perceive that the evil is irreparable, resignation will come to her aid; love will supply the

place of riches; and we shall yet be happy!"

Such were my reflections, during eight days previous to that on which I conducted my mistress to the altar. At the moment when she pronounced the vow to live and die with me, a sudden shivering ran through my veins, a general trepidation seized my whole frame; I had never had so near a view of villany. I should infallibly have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not come to my relief; while the silly crowd, who surrounded us, mistook this last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility. Aurora herself was deceived; I felt, from the warmth of her caresses, that the vain personage was ambitious appearing as my bride. The engravers, in order to reward me, as they said, for the ability with which I had acted my part, permitted me to prolong the enchantment for a fortnight. Excess of love awhile banished from my mind the fatal catastrophe, which was fast approaching. At length, after various conferences with the implacable enemies of Aurora, it was decreed that we should set out on our journey to my native soil.

In proposing to my wife an excursion, of which I foresaw all the cruel consequences, I could not prevent a deep sigh from escaping me, to which the credulous Aurora paid no attention. Her lively imagination was elated with the idea of travelling by my side, in a magnificent equipage, attended by her women, escorted by servants on horseback, and finding means of indulging, at once, her pride and her love; ideas excusable enough at eighteen, which was the age of my wife. She was delighted in making preparations for a journey, the approach of which was to me distraction. More than once I implored my patrons for mercy. The obligations I had entered into were laid before me. We began our journey.

Two of my friends served me as couriers; while he who had paid his addresses to Aurora, pushed his imprudence so far as to offer himself to me as coachman. It is true, that a wig dexterously stuck on his hair, and a plaster fixed on his right eye, so disguised him that even his friends did not recognise him: three others of the young engravers gaily rode behind the carriage as laqueys. The other four, detained at Lyons by their affairs, consoled themselves in not being of the party by making the travellers promise to write to them from every place where we should stop to rest ourselves and this we did frequently, travelling only by short stages. Scarcely could these wicked domestics contain their mirth, when they heard my vain bride, who always spoke to them with haughty distance, addressing herself to me in terms the most respectful; inquiring the name of my chateaux, the extent of my estates, and of my seigniorial rights of hunting and fishing; dwelling with complacency on my mines, which to her lively apprehension, were at least equal to those of Peru. On subjects such as these turned our conversations; when three leagues beyond Montelimart, we perceived the narrow lane which led to a village, the steeple of which appeared distant from the high road. This poor village alas! was mine. The critical moment was approaching!

We passed over lands that certainly were not mine; and after three hours long and difficult travelling, our coachman, too well instructed, stopped the carriage at the door of a miserable hut. An old man, clad in the homely garb of poverty, was on the threshold taking the air. In this old man, I discovered my venerable father!—No, my friend I have no colour with which I can trace this original scene! Figure to yourself the trembling Perourou on one side; the haughty Aurora on the other; and six insolent young men ceremoniously placing her on an old broken chair, with most insulting bursts of laughter; and with pleasantries the most aggravating, refining on their vengeance, and her mortification; Figure to yourself the pretended coachman taking off suddenly his plaster and his wig, and tutting Aurora with an air of superiority—"No, madam," said he, in a tone of conceivable disdain, "no, you have not been born, or brought up in an engraver's such a lot would have done too much honour to your birth, to your fortune, and to your choice. A bellows-mender is worthy of you; and such is he, madam, whom you have taken for your husband!"

I was about to answer, but the pretended coachman was already on his seat; the five others threw themselves into the coach, choked almost with laughter; and we soon lost sight of the whole equipage.

I expected that the catastrophe would be singular enough, but less terrible than it proved! My engravers, while they taught me my part, kept their own secret. They carried off every thing with them, like the scenshifters of a theatre, who lock up the decorations after the piece is finished. As for the unfortunate Aurora, she saw nothing of this. Her former lover continued speaking when she no longer heard, or felt! The ruffians left her in a deep swoon. Judge of my situation!—Recollect that I now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from the instruction I had received, and the manner of life to which I had lately been accustomed. Alas! in those cruel moments I trembled at the thought of losing the woman I adored, or of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, and almost breathed wishes that my cares might be unavailing. Ah! my friends, I thought for a long time that my dreadful vows were heard. Nevertheless, after bathing copiously the pallid face of the lovely and delicate Aurora with water, she resumed for a moment the use of her senses. Her frenzied eye met mine—"Monster she exclaimed; and her senses again forsook her. I took advantage of this second swoon to remove her from the sight of the spectators (composed chiefly of women with

withered countenances, who might have passed for witches) and laid my plaintive bride on a little fresh straw, with which a compassionate neighbour strewed the flock-bed of my old father. When she had again recovered the use of her senses, I commanded every one to leave us, in order to have no witness of the explanation, and of the dreadful story which I was fated to relate to my wife.

When I had disembarassed myself of the crowd I took Aurora in my arms; I pressed her to my heart—my scalding tears bathed her cheeks.—At length she opened her eyes, and fixed them on me—mine shrunk from her glance! The first use she made of speech, was to request me under pretence of taking repose, which we both wanted, to defer till the next day the dreadful detail of the plot of which she had been the victim. I yielded to her request and withdrew, leaving with her the niece of the Cure of the parish, whose kind offices she seemed to receive with thankfulness.

How shall I describe to you the horrible night which I passed! Fallen at once, from a situation the most splendid; in a miserable village, which afforded no kind of resource, and in possession only of a few louis: while my adored wife, in the morning of life, accustomed to constitute, as well as share the pleasures of society, had been led by an infernal plot to the cabin of an old man—respectable, indeed but in a state of wretched indigence, and I had been the chief instrument of her misfortunes, the accomplice of the atrocity with which she had been treated! What would have become of her? In what manner could I act that might least wound her feelings?—Would she think herself sufficiently rich in my attachment and tenderness? Oh, no!—I felt all the horrors of her destiny, and my own—yes, of my own! I had indeed no reverse of fortune to undergo; I, who was born to wretchedness, and nurtured in want; yet my agonized heart, but too susceptible, told me that I had a sorrow to sustain, perhaps, the most cruel in the sad catalogue of human evils! I had not merely to bear indifference from that object in whom I had placed every hope of happiness; to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence; to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended. I recollected, with distraction, that it must be my doom, not merely to support indifference, but aversion! I was not merely to feel the bitterness of being hateful to her I loved, but to know that I deserved her hatred; to find that the sharpest of all my sorrow was the poignancy of remorse. Had not I been the fatal cause of all she suffered?—Had not I darkened all the fair prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable anguish? Had not I wretched that I was! planted a dagger in her heart? Perhaps her wound find a refuge from me in the grave; perhaps her last breath would curse me; or, if she pitied and forgave me, could I endure her cruel mercy?—Would not her pity and forgiveness be more barbarous than reproach; more terrible than her curse?

Such were the reflections which absorbed my mind, and made a hell of the bed on which I had thrown myself to pass the night. The horror of my situation was increased by a continuance of violent rain, which laid under water the cross-road leading to Montelimart, and rendered it impassable for several days. This circumstance prevented me from sending to town, as I intended, for a carriage, to convey Aurora to a lodging less fitted to mortify her pride.

You will easily imagine that I sent every minute to inquire respecting the situation of the unfortunate bride. The answers were satisfactory; my attentions were received with gratitude; I was repeatedly told that the next day I should be admitted to see her; that she had made up her mind; that she should display a firmness of character which, in the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, would astonish and confound her vile enemies. All these things, which were repeated to me with an affectation of secrecy, did not lull me into perfect security. That terrible to-morrow afflicted my soul; I dreaded the fatal interview more than death! I was meditating how to elude it, under different pretences, when the door of my chamber opened, and discovered to me my interesting bride. I threw myself at her feet, and seizing one of her hands bathed it in tears. She looked at me in this humiliating posture for some time in silence; then, rising me up addressed me with all the dignity of pride which nothing could vanquish—"You have deceived me," said she, "it is your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. If any generous sentiment remains at the bottom of your heart; if you are desirous of not making me altogether miserable, do not take the advantage of the authority which you have usurped—Mademoiselle offers me a decent retirement at her uncle's house—I have accepted it, because it accords both with my situation and my duties.—You may visit me there whenever you please.—We will concert, together, the means of extricating ourselves from this horrible situation, and of providing for our future support. Rely on my honor for the care of defending your own."

Man is a confiding creature.—A kind word from the woman we love, is sufficient to soften all the misery we occasions. Notwithstanding the cold disdain of Aurora, I gave her my assent with the utmost meekness, without having even dared to hope that I should receive anything from her but reproaches. During five days my confidence in Aurora's forgiveness continually augmented; and while I traced out to her the plan of life which love suggested to me, I saw her more than once smile at the picture! Could I have imagined, that after so many sufferings, the cruel Aurora had one in reserve for me which surpassed all the rest?

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

*Theing and thourig as inferiors are addressd.

From the New London Gazette.
**THE SUSPICIOUS LOOKING SCHOONER
 CAPTURED AND BROUGHT INTO
 THIS PORT.**

Much excitement has been created in New York for the past week, from the report of several Pilot Boats having seen a clipper built schooner off the Hook, full of negroes, and in such condition as to lead to the suspicion that she was a pirate. Several cutters and naval vessels are said to have been dispatched in pursuit of her, but she has been most providentially captured in the Sound, by Capt. Gedney of the surveying Brig Washington.

We will no longer detain the reader, but submit the official account of the capture, very politely furnished to us by one of the officers.

U. S. S. Brig Washington,
 New London, Aug. 26th 1839.

Whilst this vessel was sounding this day between Gardner's and Montauk Points, a schooner was seen lying in shore off Culloden Point, under circumstances so suspicious as to authorize Lieut. Com. Gedney to stand in to see what was her character seeing a number of people on the beach with carts and horses and a boat passing to and fro, a boat was armed and despatched with an officer to board her. On coming along side, a number of negroes were discovered on her deck and twenty or thirty more on the beach—two white men came forward and claimed the protection of the officer.

The schooner proved to be the "Amistad," Capt. Ramonfies, from Havana bound to the Guanaja, Port Principe, with 54 blacks and two passengers on board; the former, four nights after they were out rose and murdered the Captain and three of the crew, they then took possession of the vessel with the intention of returning to the coast of Africa. Pedro Monte, passenger, and Jose Rues owner of the slaves and part of the cargo, were only saved to navigate the vessel. After boxing about for four days in the Bahama Channel, the vessel, was steered for the Island of St. Andrews, near New Providence, from thence she went to Green Key, where the blacks laid in a supply of water. After leaving this place the vessel was steered by Pedro Monte for New Providence, the negroes being under the impression that she was steering for the coast of Africa—they would not however permit her to enter the port, but anchored every night off the coast. The situation of the two whites was all this time truly deplorable, being treated with the greatest severity, and Pedro Monte, who had charge of the navigation, was suffering from two severe wounds, one in the head and one in the arm, their lives threatened every instant. He was ordered to change the course again for the coast of Africa, the negroes themselves steering by the sun in the day time while at night he would alter their course so as to bring them back to their original place of destination. They remained three days off Long Island to the eastward of Providence, after which time they were two months on the ocean, sometimes steering to the eastward, and whenever an occasion would permit the whites would alter the course to the northward and westward, always in hopes of falling in with some vessel of war, or being enabled to run into some port when they would be relieved from their horrid situation. Some times they were boarded by vessels; once by an American schooner from Kingston; on these occasions the whites were ordered below, while the negroes communicated and traded with the vessel; the schooner from Kingston supplied them with a demijon of water for the moderate sum of one doubloon—this schooner, whose name was not ascertained, finding that the negroes had plenty of money, remained lashed alongside the "Amistad," for twenty-four hours, though they must have been aware that all was not right on board, and probably suspected the character of the vessel—this was on the 18th of the present month; the vessel was steered to the northward and westward, and on the 23rd inst., distant from New York 25 miles, the Pilot boat No. 3 came along side and gave the negroes some apples. She was also hailed by No. 4, when the latter boat came near, the negroes armed themselves and would not permit her to board them; they were so exasperated with the two whites for bringing them so much out of their way that they expected every moment to be murdered. On the 24th they made Montauk Light and steered for it in the hope of running the vessel ashore, but the tide drifted them up the bay, and they anchored where they were found by the Brig Washington, off Culloden point. The negroes were found in communication with the shore, where they laid in a fresh supply of water, and were on the point of sailing again for the coast of Africa. They had a good supply of money with them, some of which it is likely was taken by the people on the beach. After they were disarmed and sent on board from the beach, the ringleader jumped overboard with three hundred doubloons about him, the property of the Captain, all of which he succeeded in losing from his person and then permitted himself to be captured. The schooner was taken in tow by the brig and carried into New London.

Tuesday, 12 o'clock, M.—We have just returned from a visit to the Washington and her prize, which are riding at anchor in the bay near the fort. On board the former we saw and conversed with two Spanish gentlemen who were passengers on board the schooner, as well as owners of the negroes and most of the cargo. One of them, Jose Rues, is a very gentlemanly and intelligent young man, and speaks English fluently. He was the owner of most of the slaves and cargo which he was conveying to his estate on the Island of Cuba. The other, Pedro Monte, is about fifty years of age, and is the owner of three of the slaves. He was formerly a ship master, and has navigated the vessel since her seizure by the blacks. Both of them, as may be naturally supposed, are most unforgotten thankful for their deliverance. Jose Pedro is the most striking instance of complacency and unalloyed delight we have ever witnessed, and it is not strange, since, only yesterday, his sentence was pronounced by the chief of the baecaniers, and his death song chanted by the grim crew, who gathered with uplifted sabres around his devoted head, which, as well as his arms, bear the scars of several wounds inflicted at the time of the murder of the ill-fated captain and crew. He is now smoking his Havana on the deck, and, to place

judge from them the martyr-like serenity of his countenance, his emotions are such as rarely stir the heart of man. When Mr. Porter, the prize-master, assured him of his safety, he threw his arms around his neck, while gushing tears, coursing down his furrowed cheek, bespoke the overflowing transport of his soul. Every now and then he clasps his hands and with uplifted eyes gives thanks to "the Holy Virgin," who led him out of all his troubles. Senor Rues has given us two letters for his agents, Messrs. Shelton, Brother & Co., of Boston, and Peter A. Harmony & Co., of New York. It appears that the slaves, the greater portion of whom were his, were very much attached to him, and had determined, after reaching the coast of Africa, to allow him to seek his home what way he could, while his poor companion was to be sacrificed.

On board the brig we also saw Cingues, the master spirit and hero of this bloody tragedy, in his 35 or 36 years of age, of erect figure, well built and very active. He is said to be a match for any two men on board the schooner. His countenance, for a native African, is unusually intelligent evincing uncommon decision and coolness, with a composure characteristic of true courage, and nothing to mark him as a malicious man. He is a negro who would command in New Orleans, under the hammer, at least \$1500.

By physiognomy and phrenology he has considerable claim to benevolence. According to Galt and Spurzheim, his moral sentiments and intellectual faculties predominate considerably over his animal propensities. He is said, however, to have killed the Captain and crew with his own hand, by cutting their throats. He also has several times attempted to take the life of Senor Montes, and the backs of several poor negroes are scored with the scars of blows inflicted by his lash to keep them in subjection. He expects to be executed, but nevertheless manifest a sang froid worthy of a stoic under similar circumstances.

With Capt. Gedney, the surgeon of the port, and others, we visited the schooner, which is anchored within musket shot of the Washington, and there we saw such a sight as we never saw before and never wish to see again. The bottom and sides of the vessel are covered with barnacles and sea-grass, while her rigging and sails present an appearance worthy of the Flying Dutchman, after her fabled cruise. She is a Baltimore built vessel of matchless model for speed, about 120 tons burthen, and about six years old. On her deck were grouped amid various goods and arms the remnant of her Ethiopian crew, some decked in the most fantastic manner in the silk and flannel of nudity, emaciated to mere skeletons, lay cold upon the decks. Here could be seen a negro with white pantaloons and the shirt which nature gave them, and a planter's broad brimmed hat upon his head, with a string of gewgaws around his neck; and another with a linen cambric shirt, whose bosom was worked by the hand of some dark-eyed daughter of Spain, while his nether proportions were enveloped in a shawl of gauze or Canton crape. Around the windlass were gathered the three little girls, from eight to thirteen years of age, the very images of health and gladness.

Over the deck were scattered in the most wanton and disorderly profusion, raisins, vermicelli, bread, rice, silk and cotton goods. In the cabin and hold were the mark of the same wanton destruction. Her cargo appears to consist of silks, crapes, calicoes, cotton and fancy goods of various descriptions, glass and hardware, bridles, saddles, holsters, pictures, looking glasses, books, fruits, olives and oil, and "other things too numerous to mention" which are now all mixed up in a strange fantastic medley.

On the forward hatch we unconsciously rested our hand on a cold object, which we soon discovered to be a naked corpse, enveloped in a pall of black bombazine. On removing its folds we beheld the rigid countenance and glazed eye of a poor negro who died last night. His mouth was his last struggle. Near by him like some watching friend, sat the most horrible creature we ever saw in human shape, an object of terror to the very blacks, who said that he was a cannibal. His teeth projected at almost right angles from his mouth, while his eyes had a most savage and demonic expression.

We were glad to leave this vessel, as the exhalations from her hold and deck were like any thing but "gales wafted over the gardens of Gul." Capt. Gedney has despatched an express to the U. S. Marshall, at New Haven, while he has made the most humane arrangements for the purification of the prize. They are now alive 44 negroes, three of whom are girls; about ten have died. They have been at sea 63 days. The vessel and cargo were worth forty thousand dollars when they left Havana, exclusive of the negroes which cost from 20 to 30 thousand dollars. Vessel and cargo were insured in Havana.

There is a question for the laws of Admiralty to decide whether Capt. Gedney and his fellow officers are entitled to prize or salvage money. To one or the other they are most surely entitled, and we hope they will get their just dues. Capt. Gedney when he first espied the Amistad, was running a line of sounding towards Montauk Point. He had heard nothing of this vessel being on the coast till after his arrival in this port.

This is the same individual who by the discovery of the great channel which bears his name, has opened the harbor of New York to vessels of the largest description, an advantage to that city beyond estimation, and worthy of some fitting tribute to him who has thus made the harbor one of our great commercial emporiums second to none on our coast.

The Hon. John Forsyth, on the part of the U. S. government, and Gen. Mencken Hunt on the part of the Texan government, have been appointed commissioners to run and mark the boundary line between the two countries, as established by the treaty of 1823 between the United States and Mexico.

Bridge over the Mississippi.—The inhabitants of St. Louis are talking of the propriety of erecting a bridge over the Mississippi river at that place.

EMBARK ON TEA.—The late news from China has created a tremendous excitement among tea drinkers the world over. The green leaf of their happiness, having since its 'lang sene' salt water excursion, in Boston harbor become more abundant than ever, has suddenly been threatened with annihilation. An imperial edict has been issued by the Chinese emperor, annihilating all foreign trade. Immediately the fatal announcement appears in the Price Currents—"In consequence of the late troubles in China, TEAS ARE ADVANCING AND HOLDERS ARE FIRM." What a storm in the "traps" we are going to have now. We trust our old women, should the Emperor persist in his most ungallant edict, will forthwith send out a grand ambassador, to demand the grounds of this most groundless procedure, which bids fair to compel them to steep their old grounds over again or relinquish their favorite beverage altogether. Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we cannot, should be their motto. If they once get their dander raised—the Emperor must look wide of tea advance on them. Holders of tea, may be 'firm,' but the holders of teasops will be firm. The Emperor must positively come to terms. An army of venerable old ladies—collected from all quarters of the globe—clattering their empty tea pots—dinging their useless teasops and shouting at the top of their voices, "Give us back our tea!"

would be enough to frighten his "Celestial Highness" into the Yellow Sea, or drive him into the wilds of Grim Tartary. He must back out, or take himself over the Great Wall and leave his imperial residence to be overrun by infuriated tea drinkers.—Coos County Democrat.

Hugging and Kissing.—A lady in Montreal recently recovered \$2000 of Major Breckford for hugging and kissing her rather roughly. The editor of the St. Louis Republican thinks she ought to set a high value upon this loose change as she got it by a tight squeeze! The ladies of Montreal have altered materially since we were last there. We once knew a chap who hugged and kissed more than forty of them, and it never cost him the "firstred cent." By the way, wouldn't it be a delightful business for the ladies to go about hugged and kissed at \$2000 a time.

Picayune.—A young lady, upon whom intellect had not beamed with unmitigated effulgence, being in conversation with a literary beau, who was a great admirer of her solid charms, (she was heiress to a plum,) was asked by him, in an attempt to display his own acquirements, "Are you fond of good writing?" "Yes, sir, I like writing very much." "Ah! do you ever write?" "Oh yes, sir—often." "Indeed! do you sip of the Castalian spring, or keep to the dull regions of prose?" "Sir?" "Do you prefer prose or poetry?" Which do you write?" "I writes fine hand, sir!"—N. Y. Tatler.

Accompanying a marriage notice sent for publication to the Watertown Jeffersonian, was a five dollar bill to the editor. This is a little the greatest compliment any publisher has yet received.—Exchange paper.

Why won't people do so up this way? Our folks get married fast enough, but forget the printer. Who will read the example of the 'good man of Watertown' and—go, and do likewise?

Good for him.—At one of our fashionable watering places, recently happened a self-important foreigner, who, upon hearing the dinner bell rung at half-past three o'clock, exclaimed, "Is it possible you dine at this early hour in this country? Why, I have not been used to dining till seven or eight o'clock in London."

"Our second table folks dine very late here also," was the reply of a Yankee present.

Squeamish.—The Philadelphia Ledger objects to the habit the young ladies indulge in, in that city, of permitting their lovers to squeeze their hands as they promenade the streets together. Of course we are not so cynical (says the Ledger) as to wish to prohibit any little tokens of affection which they may choose to receive or even to give, but the public streets are not the proper places for such demonstrations. No doubt it is very pleasant to them to feel their hands pressed by their chosen attendants, but however agreeable to the parties actually engaged, it is an unseemly spectacle to the mere lookers-on.

A gentle hint.—"If I am not at home from the party to-night at 10 o'clock," said a husband to his letter and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady significantly. "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." The gentleman returned at 10 o'clock precisely.

They have a 'Lazy Club' in Buffalo. A member was expelled the other day for running down hill; and another for talking with a person in the street without leaning against a post.

The word 'loco-foco,' is taken from a match used to light up dark places! It is well for the people that there is a party to throw light upon their interests.

An extensive traveller in Texas says, that the 'low grounds produce sixty bushels of bull-frogs in the acre, and alligators enough to fence it in.'

Piranyun tells a story of a fellow who said he should not care so much about mosquitoes biting him, if they didn't brag so like thunder before hand.

The Boston Moreauville says that Dr Jackson is about to make a Geological survey of the State of New Hampshire.

Microscope. We understand that a powerful microscope is being fitted up, in this city, and will shortly be open for Evening exhibition. Argus.

"Ah, John Slocumb, my uncle has been in New York, and yours hasn't." "Well, what of it? My uncle has been in jail, and yours hasn't."

Bagley says the pine pavement in State street is much better than stone, because so many shoes are required there!—Post.

Later from Mexico.—By the way of New Orleans, we have accounts from the city of Mexico to the 4th inst. President Bustamante, on his return to the capital, restored to the press all the rights and privileges which it formerly enjoyed. He also issued a decree, annulling a contract made by Santa Ana with a London Company, for a loan of \$130,000 sterling, and another relieving General Andrade of the penalties incurred by him by not returning to Mexico within the time fixed by the amnesty of 1833.

All the measures adopted by Bustamante since his resumption of the Presidency, are in direct opposition to everything done by Santa Ana while he held the reins of government. He has dismissed the places:—Juan de Dios Carado, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Luis G. Cuevas, Minister of Finance.

Bustamante has appointed Gen. Gaona commander of the Castle of Uloa, but Santa Ana was taking measures to prevent his taking possession. His brother-in-law, General Cora, was in command, and had declared that Gaona should not take possession, and that he had 2000 men under his command to oppose him. Santa Ana was endeavoring to make an insurrection against Bustamante, and the first step towards it would probably turn the castle of Uloa against him.

The United States schooner Boxer, Commodore Nicholson, belonging to the Squadron in the Pacific Ocean, anchored in the port of Mazatlan on the 27th June, from a cruise along the western coast of Mexico.

The blacks belonging to the Amistad, have been indicted, and committed for trial as pirates, before the Circuit Court to be holden at Hartford, on the 17th day of September next. The following Card has been published by the owners of the cargo and slaves:—

New London, Aug. 26, 1839.—The subscribers Don Jose Ruiz and Don Pedro Monte, in gratitude for their most unhelped for and providential rescue from the hands of a ruthless gang of African buccaniers, and an awful death, would take this means of expressing, in some slight degree, their thankfulness and obligation to Lieut. Com. T. R. Gedney, and the officers and crew of the U. S. Surveying brig Washington, for their decision in seizing the Amistad, and their unremitting kindness and hospitality in providing for their comfort on board their vessel, as well as the means they have taken for the protection of their property.

We also must express our indebtedness to that nation whose flag they so worthily bear, with an assurance that this act will be duly appreciated by our most gracious sovereign, Her Majesty the Queen of Spain.

Don Jose Ruiz.
 Don Pedro Monte.

From Peru.—The Globe states that private letters have been received in Washington, from Lima, dated 16th of May. The Chilean troops continued to occupy that city and fortress of Callao. They have refused to quit the country until they shall have been paid a contribution of \$800,000. This sum was about to be raised among the wealthier classes.

The administration of General Gomarra, whom the Chileans forced upon the Peruvians as President, has become odious to the people. When the Chileans shall have retired, a counter revolution is expected in favor of General Santa Cruz.

The Pirate.—The Fall River Patriot states that Capt. Cummings of the brig Taunton, arrived at that port, picked up on the 25th of April, on Key Largo, E. Florida, a bottle containing the following note:—

Feb. 13, 1836. The brig Margaret, from New Orleans, bound to Charleston, S. C., Thos. Tyler, master, \$150,000 in specie on board, six days out, now off the Isle of Cuba, attacked by pirates in a small vessel, schooner rigged. They have taken every thing—scuttled the brig, and now have us in custody. This is my opportunity to let the world know our situation. The pirate schooner is commanded by a black—most of the crew same color.

Signed,
 Passenger on board the brig.

From Sumatra.—The bark Moscow, Captain Low, arrived at this port yesterday, from Sumatra reports that the captain of a French bark was murdered at Muckie, by the natives, about the 1st of May. The boat's crew swam to the vessel, and the mate got her underweigh immediately, and left the place.

The Linden Tree.—Those of our citizens who daily stop to look at the Linden tree, in the upper Mall, will read the following with interest:—

"Of every other tree connected with rural economy, perhaps the Linden is the most valuable. In Russia, its properties are so well understood, that it is seen growing in every hamlet and village possessing a soil capable of nourishing it. The wood is not only manufactured into furniture, but into a variety of domestic utensils. Cords and matting are made from its inner rind, while its aromatic blossoms not only perfume the air and feed the bees, but make an agreeable tisane for the invalid. The Circassians feed their bees on the blossoms to produce the fine green honey, aromatic in odour and delicious in flavor, esteemed so great a delicacy by the rich gourmands of Constantinople and Telheran. The young and tender sprigs, with their foliage, serve to mix with the fodder during the depth of winter being highly palatable to the cattle. It is an ornamental tree, and may be seen adorning nearly every public garden and promenade in Germany."

There are a great many ridiculous things in this country—for instance: there are thousands of daughters, whose mothers have been raised in a kitchen, and their fathers in a horse stable, who would feel insulted if asked if they had ever made a loaf of bread, or washed out a pocket handkerchief! They like to prate of "good society, mixed company, and family dignity."—N. Y. Atlas.

A splendid Venus.—An article, lately published in the New Bedford Mercury, calls attention of the public to the present and approaching opportunities of viewing the planet Venus to uncommon advantage. She is now near the earth, her distance, on the 22d of August, being about 47 millions of miles. But on the 4th of October, she will be in her nearest position, at little more than half that distance, viz. at about 25 1-2 millions of miles from the earth. Her brilliancy, however, will then, perhaps, be less, because that part of her disc enlightened by the sun will not be so much turned towards us, as it was a month or two before. Those who have access to a telescope should avail themselves of it. She, during her revolution, goes through all the changes or phases, like the moon, being sometimes a crescent, then gibbous, and then full.—She either sits soon after, or rises not long before the sun,—in either case, not more than three hours. Her orbit is nearer the sun than is that of the earth.

Four of the largest planets, says the article alluded to, are now visible in the south-western sky at seven o'clock. First, Venus, nearest the horizon; next, Jupiter, 1500 times larger, but apparently smaller; next, Mars, peculiar for his glowing red and gibbous form; and then comes Saturn, with his magnificent rings and seven moons. He is on the meridian at about seven o'clock. So immense is the diameter of his rings, that there is barely space sufficient between our earth and moon to admit their passage.—Boston Post.

THE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLAR NECKLACE, which a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Swain of Philadelphia, recently "sporting" at Saratoga, and which the newspapers took so many notes of, is said to have been a present from a crowned head of Europe to Dr. S. for curing one of his family of scrofula. He went to Europe for the express purpose at the royal request. The cure, which had been essayed in vain by European physicians, was effected by Dr. S., and he was permitted to name his reward. Dr. Swain, however, declined receiving any other compensation, than simply the royal outgrasp attached to a brief instrument acknowledging the cure. As there is a delicacy about such matters with imperial families, implying as it does an infirmity of nature at variance with the omnipotence and the infallibility of kings, this was declined, and Mr. Swain subsequently consented to consider the business a confidential one, known only to himself and the few members of the household who were privy to it. The result, however, was, that previously to Mr. Swain's departure from Europe, a string of diamonds was presented to him in behalf of the sovereign, the value of which is valued at \$20,000. The whole is said to comprise about twenty-five brilliants, the smallest of which, as they are of the first water, cannot be worth less than \$1000 each.—N. Y. Sun.

Suicide.—Considerable excitement yesterday prevailed in the vicinity of one of our fashionable hotels, Chestnut street, it being currently reported that one of the inmates had shot himself in the neck with a—pistol battle, to lead to the muzzle. Phil. Spirit of the Times.

Several attempts of the same kind have been made in this city, but few have proved fatal.—"There's a great deal in habit."—Boston Post.

Assassination.—Colins Bishop, late Postmaster of Tusculum, Alabama, was killed by a stab from the hand of an unknown assassin, on the 14th ult. while passing from his office to his residence.

Sarony Sharp are raised to such an extent in East Tennessee, that a company are about to establish shortly a Jean and Slatet Factory on Mossy Creek, to work off 300 yards a day.

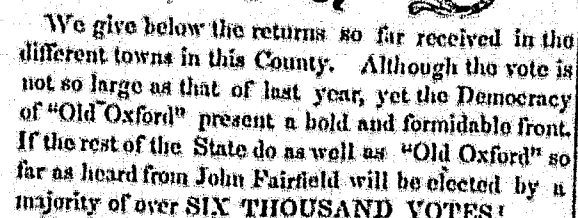
The fire department of Medford, Massachusetts, consists of one man, a lantern and the kettle all in a high state of discipline.

Gold by the pound.—A keg containing several hundred pounds of gold coin—the value of which was \$12,000—was brought to Baltimore on Thursday last, from St. Louis, and has since been conveyed eastward. We hope that it will come as far as Boston.—Boston Post.

We don't believe it.—The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times says:— "We know a chap in this city, whose nose is so fiery, that his wife uses it to heat the oven, boil the kettle, and light the candle in the night when the child cries."

Seizures.—The Philadelphia Ledger, in speaking of the late seizures in that city, says:— "Already, we are informed, illicit importations have been disclosed to the extent of half million of dollars, and every day adds to the amount. The general government have dispatched agents to all the important cities on the sea coast; others are on their way to the west, where many of the packages, thus fraudulently introduced, are deposited."

A good Sentiment.—We copy the following from the Nashua Gazette:— "We look upon the government as the best which interferes the least with individual freedom."



who will bet us a hat that the democratic candidate for Speaker of the next U. S. House of Representatives is not elected? If any, speak of him will we win a beaver.—Boston Post—

Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush? D'ye
it up? Because every body should have
of his own, and not borrow his neighbor's.
Bull broke into a Multicaulis field in Mis-
and ate and destroyed \$600 worth of trees.
suppose his hide will be silk velvet in a short

purpose of attending to all orders in his line of
OTIS SWIFT.
 Sept. 9, 1839. ^{2nd}

Thomas	Terms
Norwa	

Crocker, Esq. and at Norrin' Hotel.
 \$3.00 per quarter
 1st Aug. 24th 1833.

by their Attorneys, WILLIS & FESSENDEN.
 Island, August 29, 1837. 3c2 1

By their Attornies, WILLIS & FESSENDEN,
Portland, August 28, 1839. 3w3